TURKISH RECREATIONS.

How the Indolent Subjects of the Sultan Amuse Themselves.

The traits of a people may often be judged as correctly from their pleasures and recreations as from their history and serious conduct. In the freedom of the idle, pleasure-seeking hours, a people will betray whether they are imaginative or matter-of-fact, whether they are gentle or rough, whether they are sober or buoyant of spirit. It is usual to find that a people who dwell in rugged, inhospitable lands, in regions of storm and gloomy skies, prefer amusements which are hardy and active; while those who dwell in softer, sunnier climes enjoy themselves in milder recreations.

The old French chronicler, Froissart, observed, when in England, that the English "took their pleasures very sadly." The English, and especially the Scotch, dwelling as they do in a capricious climate, are noted for the ruggedness and hardihood of their sports. The buoyancy and gayety of the French character, on the other hand, are strikingly reflected in the lightness and sparkle which appear in all their favorite pastimes.

The recreations of Oriental peoples are more interesting, because less familiar to us, than those of the Western peoples, and afford quite as reliable a key to national character. A recent sojourner in Turkey has given a very entertaining account of the ways in which the subjects of the Sultan beguile their many idle hours. The Turks are an indolent people. The languor of their beautiful climate renders them prone to take the world easily, to have frequent holidays, and to enjoy pleasures which soothe rather than excite.

The principal public recreations of the Turks are three. One is, to witness the burlesque acting of a company of men, who do not use any stage for their performances, but issue forth from behind a simple screen. These players go about from place to place, erect their screen in the open air, and give their performances before the motley crowd of turbaned idlers who gather around them. Another favorite amusement is what the writer referred to calls the "Turkish Punch and Judy." This show, however, is given by means of shadows cast upon a white sheet. The effect of this is very weird and striking. The third public recreation is the gathering in the streets, or on the open spaces, to listen to the thrilling tales of the "meddahs," or professional story-tellers. The meddahs take the place, in Turkey, of lecturers in America. They relate the most exciting stories, with many emphatic gestures, contortions of the face and modulations of the voice. They sit in the middle of an attentive circle, and often rouse their hearers to a high pitch of breathless interest and excitement by their dramatic powers of narration.

The Turkish women are allowed to witness the burlesque acting, but they are forbidden to be present at the Punch and Judy shows, and at the story-telling of the meddahs. The women, moreover, are not permitted to attend the theaters and opera houses.

Like all Orientals, the Turks are very fond of music and of dancing. But their airs, musical instruments and dances are entirely different from those of Western Europe. They partake very much of the nature of the race as seen in other ways. The Turkish music, to Western ears, sounds soft, melodious and monotonous. The Turks, on the other hand, regard European music as too loud, boisterous and confused in sound. A choir, or an orchestra, in Turkey, all sing and play the air only.

The Turks like ceremony, and all their recreations are pursued in a sedate, quiet, ceremonious way. The musicians, dancers, story-tellers are ushered before and away from their audiences with flourishes and obeisances, and are rewarded with much solemnity of demeanor. There are very few recreations in Turkey in which men and women are allowed to take part in common. When both sexes witness the same performance, the women always sit in a group behind a screen or thick lattice, so that they can witness what is going forward without seeing or being seen by the men. But in this case, the best point from which to view the performance is accorded to the women.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Secret of Longevity.

A little way beyond the ancient church at Holderness is a brick residence, whose front is half hidden by one of those monster elms that are the pride of our Northern States, and beneath its shade I saw yesterday a man who is passing his ninety-fifth year sitting comfortably in a great arm-chair. My wife told me that his aunt had recently died, aged one hundred and five. Curious to know if there was any especial reason for such longevity, I made inquiries. "No," said my informant, "only they were almost always out of doors and lived a quiet life." Yet in that single sentence lay a greater philosophy than he dreamed of, a sounder precept than he knew. To keep out of doors and avoid worry is a maxim that, if followed, would close a majority of our hospitals, which, I regret to say, have a greater number of occupants with each succeeding year.—*American*

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

What Miss Cleveland Has to Say About Sentimental Men and Women.

I am convinced that the popular verdict is in this case not the correct one, and if these lines have an object, that object lies in the direction of a contribution toward an effort to show that the truly sentimental man or woman has the best preparation toward the practical affairs of life.

As usual, philosophy is at fault. The word sentimental has suffered as much deflection from its simple, real meaning as has the word practical. The latter has come to stand for things real, the former for things unreal; or, if more liberal minds deny the strict truth of this designation, they will scarcely attempt to reject a modification of it by which it is claimed that to follow the practical affairs of life is to follow the things which are certainly and surely the remunerative things of life, the things about which we actually know, and whose value is real because it is in things seen and proven. While to follow things sentimental is to pursue a shadow, or at least a thing which, if attained, does not respond to the demands of a busy and effective human career.

Nothing could be further from the logic of human experience. Every achievement has its beginning in the mind. The Buddhists were right. All reality is in the thought. Here is the root of the deed. It is the man of true sentiment only who has behind him and before him an effective human career.

A good mother was lamenting to me the other day that her daughter, a charming girl of sixteen, was so unpractical. As an illustration of this quality, she repeated to me the question which her daughter had put to her in all good faith and sincerity: "How does a person know when a room has been swept?" This young woman needed to apply Goethe's maxim. She needed perception. For the production of "Faust," or the sweeping a room, the same sort of practicability is required. I do not know what is to be done with her. Her mother desires that she shall become occupied with the practical affairs of life, but I am not sure that the mother's ideas of the practical are sharp enough to strike at the root of the matter. To become truly and effectively practical one must see straight and feel right. It is a matter of pure perception and proper sentiment. When this right action of head and heart are obtained, the doing will follow and, whether a book is to be written or a room is to be swept, the thing in hand will be properly classed among the practical affairs of life.

After this it is all a matter of preoccupation. If the preoccupation be an affair, as in the case of my absent friend of pure sentiment, *i. e.*, an *affaire du cœur*, it will, as in her case, deserve classification among the practical affairs of life; her vast expenditure of "pure sentiment" was accompanied by a vast expenditure of pure perception, and prompt energy and good money to the infinite betterment of all concerned. Had her preoccupation been the same, but without the rightness of sentiment and purity of perception, this affection of hers would have resulted in a mere waste of feeling and would deserve classification among those wretched so-called *affaires du cœur* which can never arrive at the dignity of the practical affairs of life.

The mother of the unpractical young girl says, and not without a degree of satisfaction, that her daughter (who can not understand how a person can know when a room has been swept) is "all for books." Very well. That is her preoccupation. Now, if to this preoccupation she brings right sentiment and pure perception, her preoccupation with books will result practically. If she has these she will know the difference between clean and unclean in the carpet of a room or the character of a book. But I greatly fear that healthy sentiment and clear perception are not at present backed by any sense of personal responsibility in this young girl's mind; and if so, she has a great deal to learn before the things which concern her can be said to belong to the practical affairs of life.

The root of all this which grows into a busy and effective human career lies in the sense of duty which develops perception and sentiment into action, which determines preoccupation, and which brings out of all a performance which can be truly classed as among the practical affairs of life. Let this be the possession of the young girl and she will become a practical woman; let it be the possession of the man of affairs and he will be a practical statesman; let it be the possession of a literary man and he will become a practical author.—*Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, in Boston Journal.*

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD

What to Do With Misplaced Tokens of Affectionate Regard.

It is surprising how practical an enthusiastic lover may become under changed circumstances. For instance a correspondent writes to know if a lady should return presents of jewelry after an engagement to be married is broken. If she is not impelled by etiquette to return the gifts, he desires to find out whether they can be recovered by process of law. He says that the lady and gentleman in question have since married other persons, and he implies that he doesn't like to see another man's wife wearing his jewelry. As to the point of etiquette involved, a young man who has had a great deal of experience in such matters says that gifts of jewelry should always be returned, as this is the prevailing custom in polite society and as a rule of conduct based on natural good taste and delicacy. He added, with a smile. "It is also a good custom from an economic point of view, for it has enabled me to use one set of jewelry on three separate occasions, and if my practical little scheme is not detected I have no doubt the same jewelry will finally become the property of the lady that I lead to the altar, provided I can get one who will stick long enough to such an unsentimental fellow." A young lady, when questioned on the subject, said she did not think girls ought to accept gifts of jewelry from the men they are going to marry, making exceptions of course, as to the wedding-ring and wedding presents. She thought that when gifts of jewelry are accepted, however, they should always be returned if the engagement is broken. But she knew of some nice girls who, not having a large supply of jewelry, had kept presents after the engagement was at an end. She had heard of a few cases in which the circumstances were such as to make the keeping of the gifts a pleasure to both persons. A well-known lawyer said of the legal aspect of the question that he could not recollect having read of such a case in the courts. Gifts are absolute transfers of personal property, and unless they are conditional he did not see how they could be recovered by law. If given conditionally a suit for breach of contract might be entered. So far as he could see, the return of the gifts rested entirely with the lady. Another lawyer, who is a bachelor, evaded an opinion on the question by making the broad assertion that all young men who are thinking of getting married ought to follow the laconic advice of Punch, which was—"Don't."—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE RONDO HOUSE.

St. Paul's Oldest Structure Still Standing on Summit Avenue.

When Joseph Rondo, in the year 1843 erected a cabin 14x16, of hewn oak logs filled in with adobe, on the claim that he had purchased three years previous of Edward Phelan, he did not think that he was erecting a building that in the year 1887 would stand within 150 feet of the handsomest street in the city of St. Paul—viz., Summit avenue, and that would be passed daily by thousands of people, unconscious of either its proximity or its history. Yet such is the fact. Numerous buildings in the city have, during the past six years, been designated as "the oldest house in St. Paul," while this little structure, modestly shielded from an inquisitive public, maintained in silence its title wrongfully bestowed upon other antiquated and dilapidated houses. The residents on Summit avenue, and particularly those living in close proximity to Summit park, will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that the house rightfully called "the oldest house in St. Paul," is located in that vicinity. The building, as already stated, was built and occupied by Joseph Rondo in 1843, and was his habitation, as shown by official records, until 1855, when he sold it and the four acres of ground composing his domesne to the late John Nicols. In 1856 Mr. Nicols removed the old house from its original location to the eastern part of the property, and erected in its stead the substantial and commodious stone building now known as the Nicols homestead. Contrary to the usual practice, Mr. Nicols did not pull down the old Rondo house, but rather preserved it by incorporating it into a barn that was erected around and above it. Recently it was the pleasure of a reporter to discover the old relic, and by the courtesy of John R. Nicols, who succeeded his father as partner in the firm of Nicols & Dean, have access to family documents that establish beyond a doubt the claims set forth for the Rondo house. The middle floor on the south side of the barn opens directly into the old house, which, except where the adobe has fallen out, is in nearly as good a state of preservation as when erected. The timbers are of oak, and plainly show the marks of the ax with which they were hewed. Those on the sides are cross-sectioned, and all the intervening space around the room, excepting the doors and windows, filled with adobe, composed of broken limestone as the foundation, cemented together with mortar. The original roof, as an examination of the hay mow will show, has been removed and the barn roof substituted therefor. In this connection it may be well to state when Mr. Nicols purchased the property, consisting at that time of four acres, it was regarded by his friends as a foolish venture, several of them predicting that "it would never be worth the price paid for it ($1,200), as it was too far out of town." Mr. Nicols was obliged to break a road through the hazel brush from St. Anthony street (Summit avenue) over which to haul the material for his dwelling.—*St. Paul Globe.*

PONIES IN YALE.

Graduates of the Famous University Tell Tales Out of School.

While discussing education generally, a gentleman asked the following question:

"How many of the graduates of Yale University do you suppose go through the institution entirely without assistance from fellow students, and without assistance of translations, or any assistance other than can be obtained in the class-room?"

The recent graduate to whom the question was put said that he didn't suppose there was one, but finally came to the conclusion that there might be many, and inquired why the question was asked.

"Well," said the other, "I have a boy in the Sophomore class. He has just finished his Freshman year, and last evening he came to me and wanted ten dollars to buy books for next year. I gave him the money, and off he went down town. He came in rather late and went to bed. This morning I thought I would look at the books which he had purchased, so I asked him to produce them, feeling somewhat proud of the boy's having manifested interest enough in his studies to buy books and study during vacation. He seemed rather reluctant to produce the books. This surprised me, and finally I informed him that he must do as I asked. He went out of the room and I expected that he would come back with some formidable looking volumes. I was disappointed, however, for he appeared with a dirty-looking roll of paper, which proved to have once been a five-cent note-book. He handed it to me with a rather sheepish look. I was so much surprised that at first I said nothing, but on questioning found that the book contained all the problems of Prof. Phillips' course worked out and numbered. It was a curious-looking collection, and about as intelligible to me as Choctaw. Up in the corner of each page was a little column of figures and some algebraic symbols, while below were a couple of lines crossed at right angles, and across them were drawn curves. I asked him what it all meant, and he said:

"'Those are Andy Phillips' problems, and I'll never get through next year unless I have it. I gave a senior ten dollars for it, and the price was low at that. He wanted twenty dollars, but was awfully hard up, and so he let me have it for ten dollars.'

"As he explained it, the book had been handed down from class to class, and through it many diplomas had been obtained at Yale. I don't know what I will do with the book, but I have it locked up at home, and I am of the opinion now that I'll burn it up and see what the result will be on the class of '90."—*New Haven Palladium.*

ANIMAL DEVELOPMENT.

The End Which All Breeders of Live-Stock Should Work For.

The kind of food furnished to young animals during the earliest part of their existence has an important influence on their character and usefulness in after life. Nearly all breeds are just what their respective breeders make of them, and the profit derived from their culture is governed, to a great extent, by the way they are fed and managed when very young. Since so much of their future usefulness and value in after life depend upon their treatment when young, it would amply pay the breeder to give them a little extra attention at this time, and see that every want is supplied in the best possible manner.

The trouble generally is that the breeder is too anxious to have his young stock grow fast, and oftentimes he is found forcing them along to early maturity with fattening food. This will give them a sleek-looking appearance, and this is just what a great many breeders are working for, but which really is a detriment to the utility and value of the stock in question. What should be aimed at by all breeders in raising their farm stock is a large frame well supplied with strong muscles, and of course this can only be obtained to best advantage by feeding on the right kind of food from the start. Fatty food should always be guarded against, as excessive flesh is quite burdensome to the young animals, and not what they should have at all.

It is not the nature of young stock to be overfat, and when they are found in this condition it is a sure sign of overfeeding, or injudicious feeding, to say the least. The food they eat at this stage of their life should be of such a nature as to develop bone and muscle rapidly, and this is the end which all breeders ought to work for, as it is much more profitable for all concerned.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

COLLECTING DEBTS.

An Experienced Collector Who Finds It Pays to be Deaf.

"No, we have not adopted the Chicago method of collecting bills in New York," said an experienced bill collector, "and I don't know that the police would tolerate them, if we had. The wagon marked in flaming letters "Bad Debts Collected," is still unknown in our streets, and if any office sends around letters with "Bad Debt" stamped on their envelopes, I have not heard of it. Debts are collected in New York by dunning, if the debtor won't pay within a decent time and has property within reach. And dunning, as well as being the oldest, is, after all, the most effectual method."

"But suppose the debtor is 'not at home' to be dunned?"

"Then I wait quietly until he is at home—if the debt is worth waiting for. If I can, I get the servant, as soon as I call, and before she has notified her master, to let me in, which, as I look respectable, she can hardly refuse to do, and I sit down, if not invited to a seat, until she comes with an answer. Then I decide to wait till he comes in, and am quite obtuse to any hints as to the probable lateness of his return. If he is a man, or if she is a woman, who wishes to keep up appearances with the servants, that debt is soon settled.

"But if the servant is in with the employer, then a more persistent course has to be adopted, and calls made so frequently as to attract the attention of folks living in the vicinity. I take the rebuff, which in such a case I am sure to meet, very quietly and respectfully and very leisurely, and in a way to be seen by anybody at the windows around. I select the bill from a handful of other bills, look at it, 'fiddle' over it, and perhaps mark something on it, and slowly and carefully return it to the bunch. Then, as if unconscious that I had attracted any attention, I descend the steps to the street and walk off, carrying the bunch of bills in my hand. This, repeated a few days in any neighborhood, respectable or otherwise, is commonly enough to bring the debtor to time, or compel him to move.

"One trick I have is to pretend to be deaf. As a matter of fact my hearing is as good as anybody's, but deafness is an excellent faculty in a collector, especially when combined with hearing acute enough to detect a hint of settlement. There's a lawyer down town, good enough pay, but rather slow, and it is amusing to notice how he acts when I happen into his office. He starts up from his desk, and meets me half way, and puts his mouth to my ear to tell me when he will settle, or that he can't settle just then, or something of that sort. I pretend not to understand just what he has said, and in the loud tone which deaf people ordinarily use I ask him to repeat it, which he does with a great deal of disgust. My manner is of course so respectful that he has no occasion for offense.

"There are one or more collecting agencies which menace debtors with the publication of their names in a sheet or circular for distribution throughout the country among business men; but my own opinion is that the method is not a very effective one. I know of one instance in which a debtor was about to pay over money to a collector, and the collector unfortunately remarked, as much in jest as in earnest: 'I'm glad you're paying this now, as I was just about to send your name to ——,' mentioning a concern of the kind to which I have alluded. The money had not yet passed from the debtor's outstretched hand. He was a quick-tempered sort of fellow, and the remark stung him. He drew back the money and pocketed it, with the remark: 'O, indeed! I would just like to see my name published in that affair.' The collector went away without his money, and, as the debtor happened to be an astute and experienced lawyer, it was deemed prudent not to herald his name in the manner indicated.

"There are many ways of collecting a debt; but plain, simple dunning is the best."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

Some Peculiarities of the Country and Its Native Inhabitants.

The news of troubles in the Samoan Islands and the removal of the King has brought most vividly to the mind of the writer some pleasant days passed in that most picturesque of mid-ocean island groups. Right in the middle of the grand old ocean, with its beautiful blue waters almost unfathomable, until some bright mind thought of using piano wire to ascertain its depth, jump up here and there peaks of what were once volcanoes in active operation. A nearer approach discloses dense woods, with green fertile patches dotted here and there with the buildings of the natives, and as one passes inside the coral reefs, behind whose shelter the safest of anchorages can be found, he is surprised to see some good sized villages well filled with people in European costumes, whereas being clothed in one's right mind, with the addition of a breech clout for adults, was at one time the only covering required. The simplicity of manner which has been mentioned by numerous early explorers who visited the island still exists, more especially among those who live away from the villages, and whose ideas show an almost utter want of what to us are the conventionalities. Numerous were the hearty laughs we had over their attempts at copying their European visitors, and the utter failures which attended their efforts.

The color of the natives is, as a rule, dark olive. The better class, however, are much lighter. The men are tall and well formed, giving one rather a false idea of being quite athletic. We saw nothing during our visit to indicate their excelling in sport of any kind. The women are generally slight, but quite symmetrical, easy and graceful, and the most laughing, good-natured creatures imaginable. Some of the chiefs have two or more wives, but polygamy is rather the exception than the rule, and even when there is more than one wife separate establishments are provided for each.

The great evenness of climate makes two crops a year a possibility, and should some enterprising parties undertake practical farming in Samoa there are immense returns to be had. But in a climate where the temperature is always between seventy and ninety degrees energy seems to be the lacking element toward the carrying out of extensive agricultural schemes, and now the principal exports are "coppra," or the dried meat of the coconnut from which oil is made, and a small quantity of cotton. Nearly all the trade is controlled by some Hamburg houses, and the Germans are by far the most numerous of the foreigners. It seems strange to hear that they are the ones making the present trouble. Possibly all the privileges they have been heretofore enjoying were somewhat abrogated by the exiled King; hence his removal and the establishing of one more favorably disposed in his place.

One of the never-failing sources of delight during the stay of our ship at the islands was to watch the wonderful display of dexterity on the part of the islanders in handling their canoes, scores of which were daily plying about the ship, dodging in and out, rushing at each other under full headway, as though one would go right through the other, when by a dexterous movement of the paddle the speed of the boat would be almost instantly arrested or forced sufficiently out of her course to avoid accident. From this great skill the Samoan Islands were named *archipel des navigateurs*, and they to-day are called, in addition to their more common name, the Navigator Islands. Commander Meade visited the islands when in command of the steamer Narragansett in 1872, and through his exertions succeeded in getting the chiefs to place the harbor of Pango Pango under the protection of the United States Government, with a view toward establishing a coaling station there, it being on the direct route between America and Australia. In the future it will probably play an important part, as the harbor is completely landlocked and has an entrance clear of rocks and water for the largest vessels. A special agent was sent out after the return of the Narragansett to negotiate the extension of the protectorate over all the islands, as their value to us is beyond any question greater than it can possibly be to any other nation, but in 1876 a native chief was elected King, and our special mission ended by the agent becoming Prime Minister to the King. The latter has shown numerous instances of friendly feeling to the United States, and has granted permission to establish a naval and coaling station there, of which we have never fully taken advantage.—*N. Y. Times.*

EYES OF THE BEE.

Structures Whose Complexity Is Di[illegible] Comprehension.

Any one who will take the trouble to examine with a lens the head of a bee will see on either side the large, rounded compound eye, and on the forehead or vertex three bright little simple eyes. The latter are, as their name implies, comparatively simple in structure, each with a single lens. But the compound eyes have a complex structure. Externally the surface is seen to be divided up into a great number of hexagonal areas, each of which is called a facet, and forms a little lens. Of these the queen bee has on each side nearly 5,000, the worker some 6,000 and the drone upward of 12,000. Beneath each facet is a crystalline cone, a so-called nerve rod, and other structures, too complex to be here described, which pass inward toward the brain. It will be seen, then, that the so-called compound eye with its thousands of facets, its thousands of crystalline cones, its thousands of "nerve rods" and other elements, is a structure of no little complexity. The question now arises: Is it one structure or many? Is it an eye or an aggregate of eyes? To this question the older naturalists answered confidently—an aggregate. And a simple experiment seems to warrant this conclusion. Puget, quoted in Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," adapted the facets of the eye of a fl—pardon me, fair reader, of a aphanipterous insect of the genus Pulex—so as to see objects through it under the microscope. "A soldier who was thus seen appeared like an army of pigmies, for while it multiplied it also diminished the object; the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform, and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of thousands of lamps." Although Cheshire, in his book on the bee, adopts this view and supports it by reference to a similar experiment, it numbers to-day but few supporters. One is tempted to marvel at the ability of the drone to co-ordinate 24,000 separate images into a single distinct object. Picture the confusion of images of one who had sipped too freely of the sweet but delusive dregs of the punch bowl! Under similar circumstances human folk are reported to see double. Think of the appalling condition of an inebriate drone! Those who believe the facetted eye to be one organ with many parts, contend that each facet and its underlying structures give, not a complete image of the external object as a whole, but the image of a single point of that object. Thus there is formed, by the juxtaposition of contiguous points, a stippled image or an image in mosaic. Hence this view is known as Muller's mosaic hypothesis. Lowne has experimented with fine glass threads arranged like the cones and nerve rods of the bee's eye, and finds that (even when they are not surrounded by pigment, as are the elements in an insect's eye) all oblique rays are got rid of by numerous reflections and the interference due to the different lengths of the rays. Some modification of the mosaic hypothesis is now generally adopted, and Dr. Hickson has recently worked out with great care the structure of the optic tract which lies between the crystalline cones and the brain.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE PROMINENT CITIZEN.

A Queer Character That Flourishes Wherever Man Does Congregate.

It is the ambition of some men to figure in the role of prominent citizen. They have an insatiable craving to see their names in print. They attend all meetings in which "our more prominent citizens" take part, and nothing pleases them more than to have their names appear in the morning papers in the long list of vice presidents.

The prominent citizen signs requests to a theatrical manager or star to accept a complimentary benefit, after scrutinizing the list of names to make sure that there is a preponderance of prominent citizens like himself, though it has been remarked that he rarely buys a ticket.

It is for the accommodation of the prominent citizen that chairs are placed on the stage on public occasions, and we have seen him swell up with the consciousness of his own importance as he marched proudly to his seat, looking as though the whole affair was arranged with the sole view to lifting him up for the admiration of the multitude of ordinary citizens seated below, who had no prominence to speak of.

So long as he maintains a dignified composure and discreetly holds his tongue, he is safe, but sometimes the prominent citizen—the kind we are writing about, of course—is betrayed into the weakness of making a speech, and the shallowness of his claim to any consideration above his fellows becomes painfully evident, leading simple people to inquire how he got to be a prominent citizen, anyhow. It is embarrassing to have a question of that sort put in motion, and no prominent citizen who feels at all insecure in his position should ever do any thing to arouse it.

There is rarely a procession without a carriage at the disposal of the prominent citizen. It would be extremely undignified for him to walk like common mortals; besides that, in a crowd he might be mistaken for one of the most insignificant in the procession, and no suspicion of his greatness. Seated in an open hack, with a flaming badge pinned on his coat, strangers on the sidewalk might be led to inquire: "Who is that man?" and he is in hard luck if there isn't some one at hand to reply: "That is Colonel Blank, one of our most prominent citizens."

No one enjoys being interviewed by the newspaper reporter like the prominent citizen we are describing. He is ready to give his opinion on any and all subjects, from a fracture in the sidewalk to a break in the Cabinet. If a series of interviews should appear in a newspaper headed, "What our prominent citizens think of it," without his name appearing it would make him sick, and he would probably call upon the editor demanding an explanation. Instances have been known of his writing out an interview with himself, unasked, and putting it in the reporter's hands.

It is on an excursion to some other city that the prominent citizen shines in his greatest glory. To have his coming announced in the papers; to be received at the depot by a delegation of prominent citizens, some of them as transparent humbugs as himself; to listen to speeches of welcome, and make a speech himself, if some friend is kind enough to write it for him; to be feasted and treated to free drinks, and taken around in a hack to see the prisons, poor-houses, public libraries and breweries, with a lunch and speeches at each stopping-place; to be stared at by barefoot boys; to have the band play "See the Conquering Hero Comes;" to be introduced to people as the man "who has given so much prominence to his city," the introducer not embarrassing himself or others by entering into any details—all these are what give the prominent citizen such exquisite joy. Then it is that he is in his perfect element.—*Texas Siftings.*

Driving Away Mosquitoes.

Various substances are used to drive mosquitoes away. In some parts people anoint their bodies with fish oil as a protection against them. The Chinese are said to be very clever in the [illegible] protective [illegible] are smoked [illegible] chips of wood [illegible] A few sprigs of wormwood placed about the pillow sometimes protect the sleeper from their attack. A correspondent asserts that if a piece of raw meat is hung over the sleeper's head the mosquitoes will fasten greedily on it, leaving the human being in peace. In the morning scores of the gorged creatures can be destroyed by dipping the meat into a bowl of boiling water. Dark, damp or ill-ventilated rooms are the favorite haunts of mosquitoes, which seldom molest you when you sleep in the veranda or on the house roof; or if you have the punkha going all night over you with the doors and windows wide open you are pretty